

PHILANDER'S

41

G A R L A N D;

Composed of five delightful

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NEW SONGS.

1. *Philander's Complaint to his beautiful Phillis.*
2. *Beautiful Phillis's kind Answer to Philander's Complaint.*
3. *A comical Dialogue between an honest Sailor and his deluding Landlady; shewing, the diverting Compliments between him and her Daughter.*
4. *Jemmy the Plough Boy.*
5. *The young Man's Courtship; or, the crafty Maid's Politic Answer.*



Licensed and entered according to Order

Philander's GARLAND, &c.

Philander's Complaint to his beautiful Phillis:


SUCH Charms has *Pbillis* that I must love her,
In spite of Fate I must adore,
Each time I view her, new Charms I discover,
So graceful she is, I love her all o'er;
For she is a Nymph that I do admire,
None like her can fire or warm my poor Heart;
How happy should I be could she but think of me?
Oh! then I ne'er shall complain of the Smart.

Can you then suffer *Philander* to languish,
And neither Pity nor Comfort restore;
Or can you take Pleasure to hear of my Anguish,
When 'tis for you, as I told you before:
Surely your Heart can never be so cruel.
Since you are the Jewel that I only prize,
When 'tis in your Power to have a true Lover,
Who only depends on you, or he dies,

My dearest Jewel, do not torment me,
Turn not thy beauteous Features away;
Nothing dear *Pbillis*, can more disconcert me;
For when thou'ret fled, alas! 'tis not Day:
Neither the glorious Sun when 'tis shining,
One Beam of Pleasure can make me perceive,
Oh! be not cruel, my dearest sweet Jewel,
Save your *Philander* from the silent Grave.

Beau-



Beautiful Phillis's Answer to Philander's Complaint

Lovely *Philander*, oh ! think me not cruel,
Every Sigh makes my Soul relent ;
Every Tear that you shed, my Jewel,
Melteth my Heart, and makes me lament :
Youth most divine, conceal not your Passion,
You might have own'd, oh ! Swain long before ;
And when you are pleading, my Heart it lies bleeding,
Pity ye Powers, and send me a Cure.

I cannot suffer my Love to be pining.
Who is dying for the Sake of my Charms,
Ye Gods let us both be combining,
And if he dies let him die in my Arms :
Dearest *Philander*, see your fair *Phillis*,
See how her Passions exceed the Swain's !
Thrice happy could I prove, blest in your tender Love
Though while were wounded, by *Cupid* he reigns

Conquering Beauty of Men and Women,
Carries a Quiver wherever it flies ;
Thus the true Heart with others in common,
Vents forth its Passion in Love or it dies ;
But when true Lovers Hearts are combined,
Such Joys are abounding I cannot declare,
The Nymph and lovely Swain sing and dance on the
Plain,
While the little God *Cupid* doth smile on the Pair.

A com



*A comical Dialogue between an honest Sailor, and his
detulding Landlady, &c.*

I 'LL tell you a Story, a Story anon,
Concerning a Sailor whose Name it was John ;
Concerning a Sailor who lately came ashore,
In ragged Apparel, like one that was poor.
He went to his Host, where he used to drink,
Who finding his Pockets were empty of Chink,
For when that he came in, his Landlady did say,
You're welcome Home dear Johnny, come sit down I pray :
You're welcome Home dear Johnny, you're welcome to me,
For my Daughter Molly has been dreaming of thee.

I hope, my dear Johnny, a good Voyage you've made,
His Answer was to her, a bad Voyage I've had ;
Where is your Daughter Molly, go fetch her to me,
To drown Melancholy, that merry we may be.
My Daughter she is busy, and cannot come to you,
There is an o'd Score, but I'll trust a Pot or two,
He hung down his Head, and thus he did say,
Come lend me a Candle, and to bed I'll away.

My Beds are all full, and have been this Week,
So for a new Lodging, John you must seek ;
He hung down his Head, and thus to her did say,
Come tell me ye old Bawd what I have to pay :
There's fifty good Shillings, good Shillings of old,
With that he pull'd out his two Handfuls of Gold ;
He paid her all his Reckoning he paid her all was due,
So now for the future, such old Whores adieu.

Young Molly hearing this, down Stairs she run,
And with a pleasant Countenance smil'd on John,
She kiss'd him, and call'd him her Honey, her Dear ;
The green Bed is empty, and thou shalt lie there.

Before

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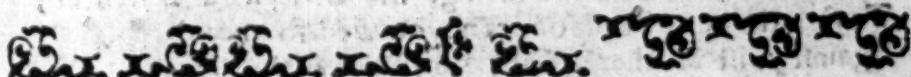
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Before I lie there, I'll lie in the Street,
 So for a new Lodging I'm resolved to seek,
 He made her this reply, as out of Doors he stood,
 Both you and your Mother lie there and be burn'd
 All you young Sailors take Warning by me,
 Make much of your Money, for plainly you see
 While a Man has Money, he may both sing and roar,
 Without that Companion he is turn'd out of Door.



Jemmy the Plough Boy.

Dear Mother, pray consider, and pity my Condition,
 For I'm resolved to marry, if I may with Submission ;
 Pray give me your Consent, and not my hopes destroy,
 I can love none but Jemmy, my pretty Plough Boy.

Daughter, leave your Fooling, Marriage do not mention;
 Young Men are deceitful and false in their Pretensions ;
 They will deceive you, do all that you can'
 So false and deceitful a Creature is Man.

Dear Mother, do not rave for I mean to marry,
 For I will have a Husband, no longer will I tarry ;
 While Beauty's in its Bloom, shall I trifle away my Time,
 When Jemmy, the pretty Plough Boy, will be mine.

But Jemmy's Name that is scorn'd and derided,
 Pray have a Man of Fashion, and follow as the Time is
 For bad is the best, Wedlock's a heavy Score ;
 Daughter, leave your prattling, of Marriage talk no more.

If Marriage is scornful, why did you wed my Father ?
 For if you had not marry'd, you had not had a Daughte
 Unless unlawful Lust had led you astray ;
 So let me wed my Jemmy, dear Mother, I pray.

You shall not wed a Tory, I am resolv'd, your Minion,
 For if you're resolv'd to marry, take one of my Opinion.

There's

There's Tommy born in Dublin, that honest Irish Sou',
He oft with me to Meeting goes, my Child be not a Fool.

But alas! tender Mother, what wed me to a Canter?
I can't abide an Irishman, nor yet a fly Dissenter;
For I love an honest Church-man, like to my Jemmy dear,
For he's a true born Englishman, he does no Colours fear.

Now you're a minching Harlot, do ye despise a Canter?
There's none so kind and loving, my Girl, as a Dissenter;
Tories are out of Fashion, can you wed so mean?
Against your Mother's Will, go you're a saucy Quean.

But Mother I do find, to Love you are a Stranger,
And I love my dearest Jewel, although he is a Ranger
Though he's scorn'd by you and you turn me ou' of Door,
It does increase my tender Love indeed to him the more.

'Tis he shall be my Portion, my true Love forever;
Nothing but Death our loud Alarins shall our Love sever;
'Tis he that is my Jewel, my Love and my Joy,
So I love none but Jemmy my pretty Plough Boy.

We will live in the Valkies, if none shew us Favour,
For Jemmy is my true love and shall be for ever,
The Birds they shall feed us, in Groves we will abide,
In Roses fair we'll make our Beds, when I'm Jemmy's Bride.

The young Man's Courtship, or, the crafty Maid's Answer.

Come take you a Taste, if you be not in Haste,
If it pleases your Fancy so greatly:
To tell you the Truth it was of a young Youth,
That he courted a Damsel compleatly.

One Morning it was upon the green Gras,
As I saw this Couple together,
He looked so brisk, and so neatly did frisk,
And his Heart was as light as a feather.

And

And as I drew near, I listen'd to hear,
How this bonny young Lad did greet her,
And thus he began, he spoke like a Man,
As soon as ever he did meet her.

Fair and softly, my pretty sweet Maid
Where are you so hastily going ?
I pray come sit down a While in this Shade,
For I have a great Mind to be wooing.

The Angel-like Feature hath made me,
That I have not the power to withstand thee ;
But yield thou to me, and thy Servant I'll be,
When soever you please to command me.

Indeed, kind Sir, I am young and fond,
And not leart n'd at the School of Cupid,
Your Meaning I cannot well understand,
For indeed I'm as childish as Stupid.

I prithee, my Dear, thou needs not fear,
But my meaning is easy to gather ;
Be courteous and kind, and you soon shall find,
That I very fain would be a Father.

And for Beauty and Wit, there's much in it,
To please me as such a fair Lady,
My Bride thou shalt be, and quickly shall see,
I'll get thee a pretty sweet Baby.

Your wanton Courtship, Sir, she said,
I can by no means relish fine,
It is not a fit Thing for to torment a Maiden,
That still would be modest and kind.

But if you have a mind, a Wife for to find,
I pray you Sir, look for another ;
Long I will stay before I will marry.
I am too young to be a Mother.

How canst thou be so hard-harted, my Dear,
Since Cupid has a Maid in Subjeckion. I never

I never beguil'd a Maiden so mild,
I prithee Love grant me Affection.

I'll buy thee fine Things, Gloves, Ribbons and Rings,
And Jewels with Gold adored I
Nothing thou shall want, if Love thou wilt grant,
And I prethee Love do not thou scorn it.

Your Ribbons and Gloves, pray keep for your Loves,
For a Fool would be fond with a Babble ;
Such dainty fine Toys, some, Maids oveyjoys'
For I am none of such a Sable.

I yield up my Heart, to a Man of Desert,
For I scorn to be won with Trifles
Coxcomb Pate, it gets nothing but Hate,
In an empty Bag you may rifle.

Fair Maid you are little but yet you are loud,
No Lover will ever obey,
You seem to be scornful, I feare you're proud,
Your Speeches do sorely betray.

Although I am little, I am of good Mettle,
I scorne to be won with a Widgeon ;
You mist of your Way, when you forced me to stay
For you thought I had been a taine Pidgeon.

But since you're beguil'd, good Sir be not wild,
Being you are a Lover forsaken ;
And so fare you well, I'll Home and go tell,
That you met a Maid would not be taken.

And there she left this young Man in Amaze,
He was almost depriv'd of his Senses ;
It will teach him more Wit, when he wants a Hit
To deal with crafty young Wenches.